

Kitty Wilkinson Goes Clear Around in 92

CARMEL CYMBAL

VOLUME III, NUMBER 20

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1927

FIVE CENTS. \$2 THE YEAR

Mass Meeting On High School Situation To Be Held Saturday

Carmel Girl Takes Ladies' Day Golf

MRS. ERIC WILKINSON of Carmel won the ladies day match at the Peninsula Country Club yesterday afternoon, when she defeated Mrs. Joe Mayo, playing in 92 to Mrs. Mayo's 94. The match was hard fought and interesting throughout. The lowest woman's score at the Country Club is held by Miss Kathleen Wright, who played around in 84.

Library Bids All Declared Void

AT A meeting of the city trustees on Monday night, bids for the Harrison Memorial Library were opened. Wade O. Halstead of Monterey and M. J. Murphy of Carmel presented bids. Halstead's was \$24,620, with the bookshelves under the balcony; if these bookshelves were omitted, he would ask \$250 less. His bid was accompanied by a certified check. Murphy's bid was \$19,698, and with 355 yards of linoleum it would come to \$20,882. The Carmel contractor did not enclose a certified check, and the trustees were forced to advertise once more for bids.

Letters to the board were read, one from the publisher of The Cymbal, requesting that all publications of ordinances be given to The Cymbal because it is the only paper printed in Carmel and complies in that way with the state law. The letter was filed. A communication from Mary Davidson asked that the Girl Scouts be allowed to put up signs in town directing people to their cake sale next Saturday. Trustee Foster said that he thought the Girl Scouts should be encouraged and on Trustee Larouette's suggestion added to his motion that the girls be asked to remove the signs after the sale. Permission was granted, Trustee Woods voting no. Charles A. Watson wrote asking the board to take some action regarding female dogs running loose on the street.

Rev. Ivan M. Terwilliger wrote asking

A MASS meeting of the parents of high school students and of children who are expecting to enter high school, as well as many who are interested generally in education, will be held next Saturday afternoon at the Monterey Union High School. The members of the Monterey Union High School board of trustees will be present at this meeting. Protests will be made at this time against the appointment of J. H. Graves as principal of the school for the next year.

This meeting follows several smaller conferences which have been held by the parents with some of the trustees, the most important of which was held two weeks ago in the Masonic clubhouse in Carmel when 45 persons catechised William T. Kibbler, the Carmel representative on the board, on the reasons for the appointment of Graves.

It is the contention of the protestants that Graves, now assistant principal of the school, is not the stamp of man to bring order out of the present chaos in the high school. They want a man of culture and intellect and charge that Graves' appointment is the result of politics.

Although the present attempt to obtain a satisfactory principal for Monterey High began in Carmel, there has come a great

the trustees to be present at his church on Sunday May 29, the eve of Memorial Day, when the pastor will speak on "The Making of the Flag", as June 14 is the 150th anniversary of the adoption of the American flag. The letter was filed after the clerk was instructed to reply thanking Rev. Terwilliger.

The fire ordinance was given its final reading and passed.

Call Harris applied for permission to build a service station on lots 17 and 19, block 57, owned by Byron Newell. Mr. Newell was present and stated that he would endeavor to save as many trees on the property as was possible.

The petition regarding the Community Recreation Center on the beach was not read owing to an oversight, but will be read at the next meeting of the board. The board went into executive session at the close of the meeting.

deal of support from Monterey parents who are dissatisfied with conditions in the school. It is expected at the meeting next Saturday that there will be a large representation of Monterey people.

It is threatened by many, both here and in Monterey, that if the appointment of Graves is not rescinded many children now attending Monterey High will be removed to the Pacific Grove High School, whose scholarship is recognized as of the best.

'The Show-Off' To Be Big Event of the Week

THE SHOW-OFF", with a cast of local talent that threatens the records of many exceptional ones in the history of Carmel drama, is the big attraction of the week at the Arts and Crafts theater. The Carmel Players will produce the exceptionally clever comedy on the evenings of Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 27, 28 and 29.

Assurance of an unusually good production comes not alone from the fact that Marian Todd and "Woody" Rountree are playing the leading roles, but in the personnel of the balance of the cast. As a complete thing here it is:

Clara	Dorothy Woodward
Mrs. Fisher	Marian Todd
Amy	Gay Newby
Mr. Fisher	Edward Kuster
Joe	Stanton Babcock
Aubrey Piper	"Woody" Rountree
Frank Hyland	George Ball
Mr. Gill	Thomas Bickle
Mr. Rogers	Eugene Watson

A combination of the natural ability of the foregoing and the directing talent of George Ball, together with the genius of Rhoda and Dick Johnson for stage setting and lighting, makes it certain that "The Show-Off" will set a new standard for Carmel play successes.

Tickets are on sale at Stanford's Drug store and the Palace Drug in Carmel, and at the Palace Drug in Monterey.

Dene Denny Is Awaited In Concert

THE complete program for the all modern piano program of Dene Denny at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, Friday, June 3, is as follows:

I		
Poemi Asolani.....	G. Francesco Malipiero	
II. Dittico	III. I partenti	
Sept Pieces Breves.....	Arthur Honegger	
I. Souplement	II. Vif	III. Tres
Lent IV.	Legerement	V. Lent
VI. Rythmique	VII. Violent	
Fourth Sonata.....	Leo Ornstein	
Moderato con moto.....	Semplice	
Lento-Vivo		
II		
Hommage a Debussy.....	Eugene Goossens	
Neuf Pieces Pour Le Piano.....	Zoltan Kodaly	
V. Furioso	VI. Moderato triste	
Bagatellen.....	Bela Bartok	
III. Andante	VII. Allegretto molto	
capriccioso		
Moments	D. Rudhyar	
VI. Tenderness		
Mouvements Perpetuels.....	Francis Poulenc	
I. Balance-Modere	II. Tr s madere	
III. Alerte		
Huit Preludes.....	Alexandre Tcherepnine	
II. Lent	VI. Agitato	VII. Rubato
III		
Deux Poemes.....	A. Scriabine	
II. Etrangete		
Funf Klavierstücke.....	Arnold Schoenberg	
I. Sehr langsam	II. Sehr rasch	
III. Langsam	IV. Schwungvoll	
V. Walzer		
The Harp of Life.....	Henry Cowell	

The above, the first all modern piano program to be given in the West will shortly be repeated in San Francisco.

Not the least interesting item in Miss Denny's program, though it does not appear above, is the series of explanations and comments on the ultra-modern in music with which the artist accompanies the program. This will be of special value to those who have not heretofore made contact with the new music and the theories underlying it.

Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson and their small son have returned to Carmel from Tassajara Springs where they have been for ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Mo teagle returned to San Francisco on Monday after spending the week end at Pebble Beach.

Burt L. Vehon has announced the opening of "The Green Lantern" next Saturday night. It is located on the Monterey-Salinas highway near the Pine Cluster Auto Camp. There will be good music and good eats, and a fine dancing floor.

Adaline Gray of Palo Alto, sister of Eunice Gray, who is now travelling in Europe, has been the guest of Mrs. Morris Wild for two weeks.

COUSIN OF LADY ASTOR NOW VISITING IN CARMEL

Robert Lee Eskridge, a young watercolorist whose work has attracted attention in this country and England, is in Carmel for some time. He is a cousin of Lady Astor and of Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, and has exhibited in the Salon and other European galleries. Last year Mr. Eskridge had a house in Majorca, and finds the coloring and coast line of Carmel very similar. At present he is completing the last of four murals he is doing for the new Palmer House in Chicago, depicting the travels of Marco Polo. When this is finished Mr. Eskridge will do watercolors in Carmel, that he intends to exhibit later. In the autumn he and Philip Nesbit are returning to Europe where Eskridge will

work for a time in Paris while Nesbit studies in Vienna. They will later hold joint exhibition in London sponsored by Lady Astor.

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Theatre of The Golden Bough

Coming
June 4th and 5th

What Price Glory

NOT a Motion
Picture

Reservations now being Received

The Cymbal Wins First Battle For Carmel City Printing

THE CYMBAL yesterday won the first skirmish in its fight for the city advertising when on the advice of City Attorney Argyll Campbell, Mayor John B. Jordan instructed the city clerk to advertise for the Harrison library bids in The Cymbal as well as the Pine Cone.

In a letter addressed to the board of trustees Monday night, The Cymbal quoted the state law governing cities of the sixth class wherein it is provided that in advertising for bids for all public work wherein the expenditure was to be in excess of \$300, the advertisement must be published in a newspaper both "printed and published" in the city or town asking for the bids. On a motion of Trustee John B. Dennis, seconded by Trustee Fenton Foster, and with no comment, The Cymbal's letter was "filed".

Yesterday the publisher of The Cymbal called on the city clerk and advised her that he would bring suit against the city unless the advertisement was placed in The Cymbal. Miss Van Brower summoned the city attorney by telephone and when

Argyll Campbell arrived he declared that he desired time to look up the law in the matter, but that he felt the library should not be delayed by a suit. Mayor Jordan was then also summoned by telephone, and on the advice of the city attorney he instructed the city clerk to give the advertisement to both papers. There is no question about the legality of the advertisement in The Cymbal, and no one seemed to see the very dry humor in the act of the city in spending twice as much of the taxpayers' money as is necessary by the double publication.

The Cymbal proposes to sue on the first appearance of a city advertisement exclusively in the Pine Cone, on the ground that such publication is a violation of the state law as that paper is printed outside the city of Carmel.

The state law also specifically provides that the city annually ask for bids on municipal job printing and The Cymbal proposes to take this matter to court if the trustees fail so to act at their next meeting.

Elsa Heymann To Give Program Here

ELSA HEYMANN, who has recently returned to San Francisco from New York, where she successfully gave programs of lyric and dramatic tableaux, will appear at the Theatre of the Golden Bough on Friday, June 17.

Miss Heymann is no stranger in Carmel. She appeared here with Maurice Browne, Hedrik Reicher, and Ben Legere. Her program is new in Carmel, and her art is of peculiar interest. Her tableaux are word pictures in French, German, and English which she succeeds in making her audience feel what she says, whether they understand the language or not. Miss Heymann takes great care with the details of her interpretations, the lighting and costuming being quite exquisite and the reader fitting into the settings and varying periods of dress readily.

"The Wasp" says of Miss Heymann. "In this program Miss Heymann will present a new and yet very old art: the rhythm beauty and music of the spoken word; the art that came to us from ancient Greece through the immortal works of Sophocles and Euripides, and was in bloom in the Elizabethan era. It is Miss Heymann's aim to call back this precious art and give it its full recognition in poetry as well as prose."

Evan Wild of Stanford, spent the weekend with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Wild of Monte Verde street. Mr. and Mrs. Wild also entertained Mr. and Mrs. Gravestock of Palo Alto over the week-end.

"What Price Glory" Coming to Carmel

BY special arrangement the famous play "What Price Glory" will be staged at the Theatre of The Golden Bough next week.

The Community Players of Palo Alto, the only non-professional group thus far to have been accorded the acting rights for this notable play, will repeat their recent great success on June 4 and 5, Saturday and Sunday, at the Golden Bough. They are bringing a company of forty people. A more extended notice will appear next week.

Both nights will probably sell out for this engagement, and Carmelites have been advised to book their reservations immediately.

The E. L. Doheny yacht was in Stillwater Cove on Monday. Mr. Doheny and a party came up from Los Angeles and spent the week end on the Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Koepp are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter at El Adobe Hospital yesterday at noon.

Miss Nettie Hatchel of Oakland is in Carmel for the summer. She is staying at Old Cabin Inn.

Arts
&
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27-28-29



THE CARMEL PLAYERS
PRESENT

MARIAN TODD
—AND—
“WOODY” ROWNTREE
WITH AN EXCEPTIONAL CAST

—IN THE—
BIGGEST COMEDY SUCCESS
OF YEARS

CARMEL^{THE} CYMBAL

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PERSONAL MENTION

MRS. CHARLES ROWE and her daughter, Miss Margaret Rowe, spent last week in Carmel. Miss Helen Edwards, also of Oakland, came down with Mrs. Rowe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles King Van Riper and their small son, Tony, are leaving tomorrow for New York. They will remain in the East for several months.

Professor and Mrs. Muirhead of the University of California are in Carmel this week.

Mrs. Frederick Bechdolt, who has been seriously ill for some time, is recuperating rapidly. Mr. and Mrs. Bechdolt are leaving for their cottage at Bass Lake sometime this week.

George Stutsman, James Doud, John Ward and Billie Hudson spent four days last week on a fishing trip in the country back of the Big Sur.

Miss E. E. Kroll noted down from Piedmont for several days.

Mrs. Elmer Cox of Pebble Beach is closing her home there and leaving shortly for Europe.

Mrs. Wigginton Creed of Piedmont, accompanied by Misses Elizabeth, Isabel, Margery and Patricia Creed, were at Pebble Beach Lodge for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Michel de Cazotte have been visiting Mrs. Joseph Hooper at her home on Camino Real.

Miss Amy Wells entertained at the tea hour on Saturday afternoon, in honor of Miss Kissam Johnson's birthday. Some of the guests were: Mesdames Halsted Yates, Stuart Walcott, Percy Smith, Eric

Wilkinson, William Argo, Misses Audrey Walton and Winifred Hope-Johnstone.

Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter is leaving the end of the week for the South, where she will get her daughter, Valentine, who is a pupil at Ojai Valley School.

Dr. and Mrs. Wesley Davidson have returned from a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Martin Luther drove over from Hollister on Sunday, and came up to Abalone Park for the baseball.

Mr. and Mrs. Romayne S. Hunkins have left Fresno and will make their home in San Jose. They will spend some time in Carmel this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Washington Baker of Piedmont are planning to spend the summer in Carmel and Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Gottfried are motoring to San Francisco on Sunday to meet Mrs. P. H. Gottfried of Falls City, Oregon, who will visit her son and daughter-in-law for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle and Dr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle Jr. are leaving in July for Honolulu. They are going on the new Matson boat, Malolo. Dr. and Mrs. Gerstle spent the week end on the Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford were in San Francisco for several days last week.

Professor and Mrs. Walter Weeks, and Madame Weeks, who came down from Berkeley last week, are building a log cabin on Scenic Drive near 12th.

Mrs. Olivia Warfield and her sister Miss Blanche Tolmie have returned to Carmel from Piedmont, and will be here for some time.

Miss Helen Judson entertained at two tables of bridge last week, in honor of Mrs. Guy P. Doyle, and her daughter Mrs. Thomas, of Berkeley, who have been staying in Carmel for a week. Miss Judson's guests were: Mesdames H. J. Morse, Guy P. Doyle, Taylor, Nye, Thomas, Robert Stanton, L. U. Rountree, and Eric Wilkinson.

Miss Gladys Vander Roest is coming

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up from Los Angeles the first of June and will be the guest of Mrs. Richard Johnson, and will take a prominent part in the Forest Theater play, "If I Were King". Miss Vander Roest is one of the best known and versatile actresses in Carmel, and has taken part in many productions in the Carmel theaters. She played the Player Queen in the Forest Theater production of "Hamlet" last year.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Edward Colburn are being congratulated on the arrival of a little daughter at the El Adobe hospital last week. This is the first daughter of the family, there being two sons. The baby will be named Margaret Ann.

Mrs. Richard Covington is holding an exhibition of her paintings at the Carmel Art Gallery for a week, starting Wednesday 25.

Samuel G. Blythe left on Monday for the East, where he will remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Linde and their little daughter have taken a house on North Camino Real and will spend the summer in Carmel.

Miss Charlotte Dobson is in town from Los Angeles, visiting her sister Mrs. Hazel Flanders. Miss Dobson was called West by the serious illness of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Comstock and Mr. and Mrs. George Seideneck are motoring to San Francisco today. Mrs. Seideneck and her mother, Mrs. Comstock of Santa Rosa, will leave for a fortnights visit to Evanston, Ill.

R. E. BROWNELL

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SEVEN ARTS BUILDING

BASEBALL EQUIPMENT

TENNIS RACKETS

Shamrocks Win Game With By Ford And Terrible Clothes

RESULTS OF GAMES SUNDAY.

Robins	3
Pirates	2
Rangers	3
Sox	2
Shamrocks	4
Tigers	2
Eskimos	14
Crescents	3
Giants	7
Reds	6

IT HAS been a maxim for many years that clothes do not make the man, but, like many other pretty little Sophistries, it was discovered at Carmel Woods on Sunday. The Shamrocks took the field wearing the most godawful shirts ever seen at the Abalone Park, and that is saying at lot. After the shouting was over and the Shamrocks won, By Ford said complacently, "I knew these shirts would scare them." It may have been the green and black shirts, or it also may have been because By Ford played invincible ball. He pulled the whole bag of tricks, stole bases, hit well, and fielded all over the place. In the third inning he made a long running catch back of second, and in the fourth he tried hard for a home run, but was caught at the plate by a narrow margin. Jimmy Wilson pitched shut out ball when he took the mound in the second inning. He struck out five batters. In the third, with two out, George Ball hit safely and Busey brought him in. In the last inning it looked like a Tiger rally when Sis Reamer and Halsted Yates hit safely, and Dick Johnson hit back of second base. Unfortunately for the Tigers Mr. Ford was right there and touched second, making the last out.

Ernie Schweninger pitched a fine game for the green shirts. Glenn Leidig was hitting well and for the Tigers Dooley Stoney, George Ball and Halsted Yates did their stuff.

It was a bad for the Crescents. In the first inning the whole infield blew, and the Eskimos made six runs. It may be that the icy breezes that swept the field suited the Frost boys, but there you are. The final score was 14 to 3.

One of the spectators who had won his game that morning remarked in a disgusted voice, "This aint a ball game, it's a foot race." The Eskimos weren't the only ones running although they ran across the plate oftener, Bill Young had an off day in the field, but when he hit, he could run and steal bases. He stole third and came home on a wild toss, and Bob Stanton walked right up to the bat and hit a mighty three bagger. In the second the Eskimos had the bases full and

engineered a triple steal. Ernestine Renzel hurt her hand in this inning but stuck out the game before having it attended to. George Aucourt caught a nice game for the losers, and Tom Douglass covered third well. In the sixth inning the Eskimos started to boot the ball around, and with two out the Crescents filled the bases and got one run. It was here that Josephine Dibrell's pretty catch saved her side. In the last Bill Young got a two bagger, and stole third, and Eric Wilkinson's safe hit brought him home and scored the last run for the Eskimos.

The Giants and Reds pulled off a snappy game, the former winning by one run, 7 to 6. The gallery razed the Giants all through the game, and were rewarded by gestures of contempt from Woody Rountree, who can be "seen" in "The Show-off" and heard at Abalone Park. Jake May started in well by hitting and then stealing third, he came home on Ammerman's hit. In the second all the Giant fielders had a little game of marbles back of short stop while Ted Kuster stole second, and in spite of Woody's warning stole third. With the bases full and one out the Reds scored three runs. Hooper and Conlon were catching everything that came their way, Tommy nobly retrieving himself for his slip in the second.

Ted Kuster's brilliancy in stealing bases had evidently gone to his head, for as the Red's took the field in the fourth instead of taking his place at first he determinedly gripped a bat and stepped up to the plate. They didn't let him stay there. Winsor Josselyn caught well for the Reds, and this must have unnerved the

Giants for they began to play ragged ball in the fifth. The big chief had some pointed remarks all ready, so in the sixth those yellow shirts hit. Woody, Frenchy, Jake May and Freddy Ammerman all hit and three runs came in. Then the noise from the sidelines re-doubled. Helen Van Riper hit safely, and she and Pete Conlon executed a double steal. The giants made five runs in all, and incidentally, won the game. In the last Jake May made a bird of a catch, ruining the Reds chances to score.

In the morning games, the scores were held down to 3 to 2 for both games. The Robbins beat the Pirates, and the Rangers beat the Sox. Helen Turner made a nice play in the latter game, catching a difficult fly, and Larry Pryor caught well. I think he has something on all the umpires, for he can score more runs and never touch the home plate than any player in captivity. It is a gift with him, or a disease. Stoney, Whitney, Glen Leidig and Renslow all hit well in the morning games.

—HILDA ARGO

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Miss Stevick All Alone With Her Art In "Tarnish"

RICHENDA Stevick of the San Francisco Players' Guild appeared at The Theatre of The Golden Bough last Saturday night in what I choose to call a monologue. There were others on the stage with her at various times in "Tarnish", by Gilbert Emery, but they made no impression that suggests the fainting of imagining that they were not there at all.

Even Ann O'Day, who has had lots of experience, and saved "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary" from almost nothing when the San Francisco Players produced the rather poor comedy here two months ago, failed to measure up in "Tarnish" and gave us everything but what she is capable of in the matter of good acting.

The others in the cast were not in any way responsible for an evening of somewhat dubious enjoyment. Some say they did not like the play, but I imagine I cou'd have liked it very well indeed if the e were more Richenda Stevicks in it.

"Minick", played Friday evening, and which Hilda Argo reviews in this issue of The Cymbal, was less a play, but much better rendered than "Tarnish". In that Reginald Travers, as Hilda says, did an excellent piece of work, and Ellen Page Preasley was good.

But it was Richenda Stevick all alone in "Tarnish", and even she could not lift it above the very ordinary. In her opening scene, when she was alone behind her closed door with all veneer cast off, she did some very fine acting. Her quick jerky movements and sudden spasms of ideas and designs were, to my mind, much in character. But it was in the final act of the play that she showed her rare ability. Nothing could have been more convincing that her characterization of the woman of the shadowy places accepting the edict of convention and sentiment and love, but definitely and courageously, almost kindly, shooting out a large piece of good advice as her star moved out of the firmament.

I am reminded that it was in an entirely different part, in "The Bride of the Lamb" a play so excellently done that I can forgive the San Francisco Players for the last week-end, that Richenda Stewick demonstrated her dramatic genius.

It is hoped that the San Francisco Player's Guild comes often to Carmel—providing they bring Miss Stevick.

-W K B

"Minick" Good, But Not So Awfully

EDNA FERBER and George S. Kaufman possess the true qualities of artistry necessary to take the over-worked theme of two conflicting generations and handle it effectively enough to

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

entirely competent throughout. Ellen Page Pressley, as Nettie Minick, played with earnestness, but did not rise to the necessary heights in her emotional scenes. Lydia Warren Lister did a nice bit as Miss Crackewald in the second act when the women's club met at Nettie's flat, but not a great deal can be said for the rest of the cast.

—HILDA ARGO

CARMEL Art Gallery CRAFTS AND TEA GARDEN

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JUNE 1

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DENE DENNY

PIANISTE

IN AN

ALL-MODERN PROGRAM

At the Theatre of THE GOLDEN BOUGH

FRIDAY, JUNE 3

ARGO-NOUGHTS

WHEN Helen Van Riper, who plays a snappy first base for the Giants, appeared at Abalone Park in her Blue and Gold uniform, Jimmy Hopper lent her his famous football sweater to carry out the color scheme. It should bring the wearer luck, for away back in 1896 Jimmy used it as his first football sweater at the University of California when he made history on many a hard fought field. Some years later, when Jack and Charmian London started out on their trip around the world in the little boat "The Snark", Jimmy's sweater flew proudly from the mast as they cleared the Golden Gate. With "The Snark" it weathered tropical storms and poked into many odd and out of the way corners in the South Pacific. Two years ago Charmian London found the sweater, and sent it back to Jimmy, who lent it to the only woman in Carmel who can hold down first base on a leading Abalone Team.

* * *

After one of the prominent garagemen of Carmel eased out of town, leaving some of the citizens not quite at ease, there was a rush to see just to whom several of the cars did belong. Kit Cooke had recently purchased a new car, and a group were felicitating her on the way the matter was straightened out. "What kind of a car is Kit's?" asked someone, and was told it was a sedan. "Yes" said Bert Heron thoughtfully, "And we are congratulating her on the fact that it wasn't a Waterloo!"

* * *

The reasonably innocent bystanders at Abalone Park were given a treat last Sunday when Ted Kuster, first baseman extraordinary of the Reds, overcome by Jimmy Wilson's fine pitching for the red shirts, grasped a bat and walked firmly to the plate to show the Tigers how to hit a real pitcher. He was chased rapidly to the first sack, however, and finished the game for his own team. Frenchy Murphy gets the credit for the best answer to Judge Landis Josselyn, when the judge was called in to decide if Frenchy's run counted. He came home from second, and the Judge asked "Where were you Frenchy, when he hit the ball?" Frenchy answered, "I was on my way", and the run scored.

* * *

I had been hearing a lot about Bobby, Elliott Durham's police dog, and by virtue of long acquaintance was ready to believe almost all of it. I knew he could clear a six foot jump, just breezing. I had seen him close the door and hold it shut when told to do so. I also knew many people could take a lesson from him when it came to meticulously wiping his feet on the door mat. It was probably true that if his master put four of five playing cards on the floor and said, "Now Bobby, pick out the ace of hearts", that the dog could do it. But when people started a rumour

that the dog could pick out the card one or more people were thinking of, without mentioning it, then the story seemed to be losing nothing in the telling.

So yesterday I called on Bobby. There were two strangers in the store trying to sell goods to Elliott, but he stopped and put Bobby through his paces. Did that dog pick out a card? He did. His master just bursting with pride, put four cards on the floor, and told us to think of one of them. We chose one and then he called Bobby. Bobby stared at us with an uncurious, faintly pitying air. Then he was told to pick out the card we were thinking about. He did it. Just to show that it was not an accident he did it again, picking up our second choice and bringing it to Durham. Then the traveller said, "Well, I have a dog, and can never teach it tricks, how do you do it?" Durham replied, "First you have to know more than the dog."

I moaned, and he said "I know that's old, but it's awfully good". It is. Anyone with the nerve to pull that old one could teach any dog any tricks.

* * *

If you don't believe in signs, you should have noticed how nicely some of our Ocean Avenue merchants work with one another. In the Eliot and Marion Shop Marge Smith, who feels she should have been a sign painter by profession, decorated the window with one of her masterpieces, reading "Dresses Reduced to \$19.50". Immediately the meat shop next door, worrying over Rem's remark printed in these gems of wit and wisdom last week, hung out a flamboyant poster "Fresh Dressed Young Chickens". And neither shop is paying me for thi ad.

—HILDA ARGO

GIRL SCOUTS CAKE SALE

The Carmel Girl Scouts are holding a cake sale next Saturday at their "Little

House" on Eighth and Dolores streets. It will start at 10:30 A. M. The object is to raise funds for the troop. The council is co-operating with the girls, and tempting array of cakes, pies, cookies, salted nuts and candies will be on sale.

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Notes and Comment



WHEN Charles Lindbergh arrived at the flying field in France last Saturday night he was given two drinks of brandy. If that had been in the state of New York it would have been a violation of the Constitution of the United States. In a building a short distance away from where the flyer landed the ambassador from the United States, standing behind a goodly array of bottles of champagne, awaited the American ace. That ought to be a heinous crime in the eyes of the League of Nations.

* * *

THE BEST story we can cull this week from the New Yorker's "Notes and Comments" is the following:

The Coolidge stories continue as runner-up on the Ford stories, but here is one authenticated, a friend assures us, by the papers in the case. A lady thumbing through some college-day dance cards came upon a cotillion program across which she had written: "Terribly slow. Hardly survived the evening." She glanced at the name of her escort. It was Calvin Coolidge.

* * *

ON THE CHANCE that there are some readers of The Cymbal who do not see the Pine Cone we take the liberty of re-printing from that paper the closing paragraphs of an editorial that appeared last week.

But the Supreme Court of the United States, in making a convict of Anita Whitney, may not make of her a criminal. Nor would America's highest tribunal call her such. That the law under which she stands convicted is constitutional; that in the records of her trial there shows no violation of her constitutional rights, the supreme court may say, and therefore the sentence must stand.

Yet she is not, by this affirmation of the criminal law and its sentence one whit more a criminal than when, before she made "peaceful protest against conditions," she was one of California's noblest women and greatest philanthropists.

That appeals to us as a beautiful tribute to a wonderful woman.

* * *

THERE WAS considerable discussion on the Abalone League ball field a week ago Sunday following the circulation of the report that Rev. I. M. Terwilliger, pastor of the Carmel Community church, intended to take up arms against baseball playing on Sunday in Carmel. Our comment was that if the Reverend Terwilliger attempted such a thing some

thing heavy was very liable to fall upon him. Then we investigated and learned that Rev. Terwilliger has no idea whatsoever to battle Sunday baseball. His complaint is not against baseball on Sunday, but against the new schedule of the league which provides for games at 11 o'clock Sunday morning. He asserts that that is his hour for entertainment. And we have a feeling that he is right. From time immemorial church services have been held at 11 o'clock Sunday morning. We are not handing the church so very much these days; it isn't really fair that we should rob it of its hour as set down in the schedule of the centuries, or stage a counter attraction to draw away its supplicants. It is having hard enough time getting along without having to encounter unsportsmanlike opposition. Besides, we shouldn't begrudge Mr. Terwilliger his short hour and a half Sunday mornings; he can't do much harm in that amount of time, and he might do some good.

* * *

SOME one cautioned us that it would do no good to "jump on anybody" about the devastation on Junipero street; that the damage was done and is irreparable.

But although terrible damage has been done, and towering pines have fallen before the axe, it has not ALL been done, and, we insist, the situation is NOT irreparable.

Perhaps if the people of Carmel realized that there is a way to prevent further destruction of trees on Junipero, and that a plan can be found to save the natural parking in the center of the 100-foot avenue, they would act, or compel the city trustees to act.

And there is a way.

The present contract calls for the sewer line to go down the center of the street, and therefore the trees in the center of the street, the natural parking line, as George Seideneck has declared, must go if the contract is carried out.

But must it be carried out? Is there not a way to halt that part of the contract? And would it not, in the long run, be cheaper for the property owners if it were not carried out, and instead a sewer line be constructed down each side of the street, admittedly the natural place for it?

A contract is a contract, and tampering with it after it is signed is dangerous business. That is very true, sadly true. But we have it from residents of the city who have talked with representatives of the contracting company which is constructing the sewer that the company officials are considerate, are human, and desirous of assisting in retaining the beauty of Carmel. We assume that they are reasonable, and that their apparent and manifest interest in the city's welfare could be carried to the point of a special agreement. This special agreement, which would be in the nature of a separate contract, could be entered into between the city and the contracting company and the present plan for the sewerage of

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

Junipero street could be abrogated.

There could be a new contract drawn for the construction of the sewer in two lines, each down a side of the street. This would leave the natural parking in the center of the street and provide for the eventual paving of Junipero on each side of the parking, and leave the sewer line where it belongs at the edge of the paving.

Now, as to the economy of this. In the present plan, with a single sewer line in the center of the street, the property owners must pay to run a connecting line from their property out to the center of the street, requiring an expenditure in excess of what it would cost to run a similar line only to the edge of the sidewalk line if the sewers were in the gutter, where they should be.

The assessment for the sewer work, before any house connections are made, is estimated to be about \$1 a foot. For a forty-foot lot it is going to cost property owners about another \$2 a front foot to connect with that sewer line out in the middle of the street. It wouldn't cost nearly so much to connect up with a line in the gutter. True the cost to the city to put in the two lines would be greater than under the present plan, but within ten years time after the street from the gutter to the center line had been torn up about a hundred times for property sewer connections, the loss in street work and repairs and trouble would more than make up for the excess cost at present.

So, the property owners would benefit immediately by a side sewer line and the city would profit in the long run although the present cost would be greater.

But The Cymbal is not especially concerned with saving the money of Junipero street property owners. Above and around all, the beautiful trees of Junipero street would be saved, and the natural central parking unmolested. Some of it is

JOHAN HAGEMEYER

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already gone, but we can save the rest of it if we act.

An objection is raised to this "special agreement" idea. It is said that some citizens might rise up and ask an injunction because of irregularities in the contract, hold up the work, and enjoin the treasurer from paying the bills.

There is such a contingency possible in some places, perhaps; in a large city where everyone isn't everyone's neighbor and where everyone is not interested in maintaining beauty. But it certainly would not be possible in Carmel, and we don't believe the sewer contractors would consider it possible.

Certainly the Junipero street situation is at present a ghastly one which we should do all in our power to relieve. Those who made the plans as at present are to blame; the city trustees, who are supposed to look out for the interests of the city, are to blame for accepting those plans without a thorough study and understanding of them. It may be, we hope it is not, too late to change the thing now, but it is not the part of wisdom to withhold the blame when the future holds community projects to be handled by the men who have been remiss in this.

The Cymbal feels that it has never done a greater public service than in pointing out a way to save the beauty of Junipero street.

It suggests that some man or woman who loves Carmel demand an immediate temporary injunction on all further sewer work until we can get together with the contractors and do something that will stand in future years as a beautiful monument to our civic pride.

A Note From Our High School Trustee

Carmel May 19. 27

M. K. Bassett

Editor Cymbal

Take my name off of your mailing list and don't send that filthy disreputable sheet to me any more. I don't want the duty street in my house. It reflects the Bassett's — if you have any of the Editor. If there is any balance due me you may spend it for Jacky Ans. Considerable evil comes of this.

Wm Y Kibbler

An Open Letter to D. L. Staniford

MY Dear Mr. Staniford:

This letter has an excuse for its writing certain facts which I assume you will accept as true. These facts are:

1. In the issue of The Cymbal of May 18 I, as its editor, severely criticized W. T. Kibbler, a member of the Monterey High school board of trustees, for subserving the interests of the high school students to petty politics.

2. You, on May 18, or the day following, withdrew that issue of The Cymbal from sale in your drug store.

3. You, on the afternoon of Saturday, May 21, in the presence of at least one other person, told Hilda Argos, a representative of The Cymbal, that you were going to withdraw your advertisement from the columns of The Cymbal and that "every business man in Carmel" would do the same.

4. You, on this same occasion, said that "we will put The Cymbal out of business", or words very closely to that effect.

5. You told a mutual friend of

ours that "the Masons of Carmel" would settle Bassett, or words very closely to that effect, for my attack on Mr. Kibbler.

With the exception of statement number one I have stated these assumed facts very conservatively, I believe you will admit, and the actual truth is that you were considerably more vociferous in your remarks. But let us take them as I have set them down.

In the first place, I did write an editorial comment last Wednesday personally, very personally, criticizing W. T. Kibbler for his responsibility in the matter of the present deplorable situation in Monterey High school, both morally and academically. I intended to make this criticism personal; I could have, and should have, made it considerably more personal.

I like to assume, for your sake, that you are not familiar with the facts, or that your friendship for Mr. Kibbler, which in itself is a laudable thing, blinds you to them. Let me then, take advantage of this letter to you to set forth a few of them that you, as the father of a student in Monterey High school, should know. In setting them down for you I assure

you that it is not my intention to endeavor to destroy your friendship for Mr. Kibbler, but to try to get you to put that friendship behind, not before, your moral duty to your daughter.

Monterey High school has today a poor standing with both the University of California and Stanford University. I say this in the face of the very remarkable statement in the recent issue of the Green and Gold that it stands in the "A" class at Berkeley. I ask you to write to the two universities yourself and ask. You will receive undoubtedly a letter similar to one now in the possession of a Carmel parent of a high school student which declares Monterey's standing to be "shaky".

The moral situation in Monterey High school is bad. Thievery is rampant. (I use the word with due cognizance of its strength.) There is little manifest respect among the students for the executive head of the school. I do not mean that he is a man who deserves disrespect—I am sure that he is not—but he has not been able to command the respect of the students. This may be, probably is, a constitutional fault, but it is a fault nevertheless, and for the morale of the student

body of the school it is a disastrous fault.

The morale of the faculty of Monterey High school is bad. There are teachers who openly criticize their superiors; there is one teacher, and an admirable one, who openly declares that he will not serve next year under J. H. Graves, if the latter's appointment as principal is to stand, and Mr. Graves is now acting as assistant principal of the school.

There is open bitterness on the part of the students of the school toward the manner in which student money is handled by one member of the faculty. I make no charge that this money is dishonorably handled, but it could be so handled and an accounting made in a manner that would satisfy rather than anger the students.

These conditions exist in Monterey High school, and I can prove to you that they exist, if you are interested enough to ask me to prove them. Or, if you desire to have no dealings with me, which is, of course, your privilege, I suggest that you attend the meeting which is to be held next Saturday afternoon at the high school in Monterey and at which the school trustees will be present to hear from those who are protesting against the present conditions and those which impend.

Now, let us turn our attention to your friend Mr. Kibbler.

For eleven years W. T. Kibbler has been a member of the Monterey Union High school board of trustees. At the recent meeting at the Masonic clubhouse he admitted to a group of parents that he had never, in those eleven years, spent a day at the high school.

At the last school trustee election he was badly beaten by Carmel voters, but the votes of the political faction of Carmel Martin in the other part of the district were sufficient to send him back to the board.

He stands on the board as a pivot at present: Trustees Rohrbach and Wells are against J. H. Graves for principal of the high school. They want a man of culture, an intellectual man, something Mr. Graves is not no matter what he may be that is commendatory other than that. Trustees Martin and Lacey are for Mr. Graves. Trustee Martin says Graves is a friend of his and therefore he wants to give him another chance. I don't see what that has to do with the interests of the high school students, do you? Mr. Kibbler could have prevented the appointment of Mr. Graves. That's plain, isn't it?

I have the word of several women of this community, and you would admit them to be truthful women, that Mr. Kibbler virtually promised them quite a while ago that Mr. Graves would not be appointed principal of the school next year.

Mr. Kibbler is a politician, as are many go, i and true men of this country. He looks like a politician and he acts like one. He enjoys it. There is nothing reprehensible in that. No man ever felt hap-

pier than Mr. Kibbler when he was boss of Carmel, as chairman of its board of trustees, and when he was removed from that position by a vote that staggered him he felt the traditional bitterness of the politician it will take him a long day to get over.

As a politician in this school case Mr. Kibbler is considerably more interested in his own political welfare than he is in the welfare of your daughter and of mine. He just can't help it. He has nothing to scotch that interest. He has no boy or girl trying to get an education in the muddle that is Monterey High.

I contend that a man to be a good high school trustee should possess something that is in a manner common with academic education; should perhaps, possess some flair for academic education. I submit to you for consideration a reproduction of the letter I received last Saturday from Mr. Kibbler. It is printed at the head of this page. Are you proud, even fraternally, to have as a trustee on YOUR high school board a man who could write a letter such as that? Isn't it an elegant letter, couched in elegant terms? Isn't it a letter that would command from the high school students of this district respect for one of the men who controls the destinies of their school?

Summing up my answer to your criticism of my "personal" attack last Wednesday on Mr. Kibbler, I declare again, and emphatically declare, that he is playing petty politics at the expense of our children; that he bears the brunt of the responsibility for the present situation in Monterey High school and for what threatens to be a worse situation next year; that he is unfit, constitutionally, if you will, to be a high school trustee. I can't make the thing any more personal than that; I can't intend it any more personal than that.

As to your withdrawing the sale of The Cymbal from your drug store. I don't feel very badly about that. The people who bought it there will hereafter buy it somewhere else. The friendship of Mr. Slevin, for instance, for Mr. Kibbler, is apparently not so strong as yours.

As for your withdrawal of your advertisement from The Cymbal. I am sorry. I need the money, need it badly. And yet I believe I can stand the loss of your four dollars a month, and I have no fear that there will be more than yours lost to me in this manner. Fortunately, you do not control "every business man in Carmel", and I have had one or two come to me with unexpected support after they heard of your rather silly threat.

And you will not put me out of business. In fact, I have every tangible reason to believe that you have helped me a great deal. I have had several persons come to me and offer to back me to the last ditch against just such an attempted boycott as you have foolishly launched. You know, there are many who agree with me

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

in this Kibbler matter. You would be surprised how many. When I wrote the editorial I didn't know how many would be behind me and, as is my nature in writing editorials, I didn't care how many. I don't care now, except that it is gratifying that we have such strong support in our efforts to help Monterey High school.

Now, when you took the name of the "Masons of Carmel" in vain you opened up before yourself considerable rough ground. If that statement represents your idea of Masonry you are a poor Mason. My father was a Mason and he wasn't that kind. And I find that there are many Masons in Carmel who are not that kind. Three of them, before any publicity had been given this matter, came to me and unsolicited repudiated your assumption of a fraternal backing for Mr. Kibbler as a school trustee. They say he must stand on his own feet, and no matter what you say, think or do, you will find that he must.

In closing, Mr. Staniford, I would remind you of a scene in your drug store about six months ago. On that day, or the day previous, The Cymbal appeared with an editorial comment criticizing Mr. H. L. Mencken for his persistent condemnation of Protestant ministers when he slammed the Christian religious organization. I said in that comment that Mr. Mencken's attacks smacked too much of Roman Catholic propaganda.

You called me into your store as I was passing. You were radiant. You clapped me on the back. You said: "That's the stuff. What we need in this town is an editor who will say what he thinks and say it hard. I'm for you, my boy, I'm for you."

For twenty years, Mr. Staniford, I have been a newspaperman, and for the bigger part of that time I have written editorial comment. I thanked you that day, but you did not delude me. I knew you didn't mean what you said. I knew you meant that you wanted the kind of editor who would say what YOU think and say it hard. It takes mental flexibility to judge a man fairly when his views are not your views, and you haven't got it. You shouldn't feel badly about that, however, because few men have.

—W. K. BASSETT

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TELEPHONE 150

CARMEL

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Thamyris.....	Trevelyan
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Eat and Grow Thin.....	Vance Thompson
Woman.....	Vance Thompson
The Madras House.....	Granville Barker
Talks to Teachers.....	William James
Child Behavior.....	Florence Mateer
The Glass of Fashion.....	Margot Asquith
The Silver Stallion.....	James Branch Cabell
Beyond Khyber Pass.....	Lowell Thomas
One Increasing Purpose.....	A. S. M. Hutchinson
The Best Poems of 1925.....	Ed. by L. A. G. Strong
The Silver Spoon.....	Galsworthy
Black Valley.....	Raymond Weaver
The Professors House.....	Willa Cather
The Private Life of Helen of Troy.....	John Erskine
Peter the Czar.....	Klabund
An American Tragedy.....	Dreiser
The World Court.....	Antonio de Brestanante
Christina Alberta's Father.....	Wells
A Chinese Mirror.....	Florence Ayscough
Thunder on the Left.....	Christopher Morley
Intimate Papers of Col House.....	Seymour
Campfire Girls Outing.....	Stella Francis
Campfire Girls Trip up the River.....	Stella Francis
The Admiral's Little Housekeeper.....	Elizabeth Gould
Betty Wales on the Campus.....	Margaret Warde
Drifting Round the World.....	Capt. C. W. Hall

Philip Nesbit has returned to Carmel for the summer, and after a few days rest, will resume his painting. He spent the last year in Europe where he studied at Ecole Rossi in Paris, and later in Chicago made decorative masque, puppets and did some modern murals.

Miss Mary Pierce has returned to Cloyne Court in Berkeley. Miss Pierce came down to Highlands for the Blanchard-Pinckney wedding early this month and remained there for a visit.

NOTICE INVITING SEALED PROPOSALS

Pursuant to Resolution No. 360 of the Board of Trustees of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea duly passed on the 2d day of May, 1927, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That said Board of Trustees hereby invites sealed proposals or bids for the construction of the proposed Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library on those certain lots, pieces, or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in the County of Monterey, State of California, more particularly described as follows:

Lot Nine (9) and all that part of Lot Ten (10) lying directly north of Lot Nine;
Lot Eight (8) and all of that part of Lot Ten (10) lying directly north of Lot Eight (8);
Lot Seven (7) and all that part of Lot Ten (10) lying directly north of Lot Seven (7);
All in Block Seventy-two (72), according to

"Map of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, State of California" filed March 7, 1902, in the office of the County Recorder of said County of Monterey in Map Book One (1) Cities and Towns, at page two (2) therein; and in accordance with the plans and specifications for said work and improvement duly adopted by said Board of Trustees on the 2d day of May, 1927, which plans and specifications are now on file in the office of the City Clerk of said city, and are hereby referred to for further particulars; and said work shall be paid for by said city in installments, payable as follows: When the walls are up and ready for the roof, one-fourth of the contract price; when the roof is on and the floor is laid, one-fourth of the contract price; when the building is finished, one-fourth of the contract price; and the balance to be paid within forty (40) days from the date of the filing of the notice of completion of said building.

The successful bidder, at the time of the execution of the contract for said work shall file with said city a good and sufficient bond in the usual form, for faithful performance and material and labor and fifty per cent of the contract price; the installments herein provided for shall be allowed upon the presentation to the Board of Trustees of said city of a written demand therefor accompanied by the certificate of the superintendent of work, setting forth the amount of work done to the date of said demand.

Said work shall be commenced within fifteen (15) days from and after the award of the contract for the same and shall be completed within one hundred twenty (120) working days thereafter.

All proposals or bids must be accompanied by a certified check payable to said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in an amount which shall not be less than ten per cent (10 per cent) of the aggregate of the bid, or by a bond for said amount and so payable, signed by the bidder and two sureties who shall justify before any officer competent to administer an oath, in double said amount and over and above all statutory exemptions. The amount of said check or bond of the successful bidder for said work shall be forfeited to said city as and for liquidated damages in the event that such bidder shall refuse or fail to enter into a contract with said city within ten (10) days after the award of such contract in accordance with his proposal or bid.

All such sealed proposals or bids will be received by the undersigned city clerk of said city not later than the hour of 7:30 o'clock p.m. of the 6th day of June, 1927, at which date and hour said board of trustees, in open session in the meeting room of said board at the city hall of said city, will publicly open, examine and declare said bids, and hereby reserves the right to reject any or all such bids.

By order of the Board of Trustees of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Dated May 24, 1927.

SAIDEE VAN BROWER,
City Clerk of said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.
(CORPORATE SEAL)

Dates of publication: May 25, 1927;
June 1, 1927

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If you enjoyed "Chevrons" you will get a wonderful "kick" out of Leonard H. Nason's new novel of army life.

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A brilliant story of New York moneyed men and women who fearful of suffering pain, live in a state of self-delusion. Edith Wharton's masterpiece.

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"What's It All About?"

The Cymbal's Continued Story

Chapter II

By KATHARINE COOKE

Dusk merged into mellow darkness. The street lights made a pleasant glow and set long grotesque shadows afoot along Elm street. Apparently all of Queensville was at its dinner, for the empty sidewalks echoed hollowly to the faltering footfalls of one Samuel Coleridge Bayes. To the casual observer, he would have been a dapper young man wandering a bit aimlessly, probably looking for a date, in reality his mind was a seething mass of regrets; the passing seconds drummed against his consciousness like the black-plumed pinions of ill luck.

He halted to stare balefully at the elaborately wrapped box of chocolates that he carried. That had been the cause of all his grief. It was the old weakness. The thing seemed fantastic. He had just stepped in for a moment to Higley's drug store to buy that offering for Marian. This innocent bit of thoughtfulness, in itself would not have been his undoing, but for the fuzzy haired soda jerker. Curse her, he knew only too well his failings! Else why had she leaned across the gleaming counter and told him with that provocative smile that Jim had just invented a new marshmallow sundae that was a "knockout"?

In his own mind he did not seek to excuse himself for what followed; he looked the facts squarely in the face. But the day had been hard, his great happiness over the success with the only girl in the world, the fact that he was being asked for the first time to her house had brought with it also a sort of false exhilaration that had left his nerves jumpy. The close of that interview with her hard-bitten old father had held, too, something vaguely disquieting. Also, he was very hungry.

And so, on led to another. That was always the way—with him, anyhow. Another, and yet another. Realization came too late. Like this he'd not be fit for Marian's dinner party. He fled to the open. Walk it off—he'd be all right in time—these things couldn't go on forever. The cool air and exercise—that would turn the trick.

He walked—almost ran. Time went by unheeded. The town clock cut across his gloomy abstraction with seven ominous strokes; the enormity of this almost staggered him. It was already an hour past the time Marian had set for her dinner. Sammy knew only too well that there could be no more certain way to incur the wrath of old Martin Wayne than to keep him from his food. Many times the young lawyer had observed his prospective father-in-law lunching at Pete's; food was

a religion with the old boy.

Sam squared his shoulders—which even at that impulse heaved with something like a sob—and spun about on his heel prepared to face the music. In doing this he nearly collided with the slim, dark clad figure of a woman.

"So sorry. Didn't see you." The young man doffed his hat awkwardly, for the candy was in his way, and moved to pass her. She moved a little too, so that she was directly in his path, and stood there very close to him gazing into his face. Her eyes were long and heavily lashed, and he caught their expression in the half light. The gaze was dynamic; it carried a message. Also, he was conscious of a heavy, exotic perfume that emanated from her. Sam Bayes will never know just how long they stood so, but at length she began to speak in a heavy, throaty voice.

"Mr. Bayes, you will think it strange that I, to you a stranger, should seek you with my troubles. Although you have never seen me before, I have for many, oh, so many months, admired you from afar. There is no other in this country that I could turn to in my great anxiety. No other who would have the courage—the incorruptible honesty—that I might trust him with my secret. The Duke

might have carried out my mission. But then—the Duke is dead." She threw out her slim hands in a pathetic little gesture of renunciation.

"I—er—this is—" Sam stepped back a pace, disconcerted by her nearness, and the strange turn events had taken.

"Say that you will help me." She moved toward him, a note of real entreaty in the rich voice, magnificent eyes probing deep into his.

"Well—you see—I'm late for an important appointment. If you come to my office tomorrow, of course I'd—" He was now frankly backing away.

She followed and caught hold of his coat lapel, inadvertently crushing the white carnation he had put there. Those frail white hands of hers had amazing strength in them.

"No, no—now! This must be very secret. I must tell you now."

Through Sam Bayes' dazed mind rushed many things that his mother had told him; other incidents that he had either read or heard discussed around the court house. His cautious old New England ancestors muttered warning in his veins; he jerked away and ran for it, leaving the white carnation in the mysterious lady's hand.

All that afternoon things had moved strangely for Marian Wayne. She had been so engrossed with her preparations for the dinner which, for her, had come to signify the threshold of a new happiness, that at first she did not notice that everything she put her hand to seemed to go wrong. First, the kitchen drain had be-

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come clogged and it had been necessary to send for a plumber. He came, a burly, black-bearded creature, and a veritable butcher at his trade, who had hardly been in the house ten minutes before he had broken the feet off a downstairs bathtub. He came up into her immaculate hall, all dirty and greasy, to phone for his assistant, and Marian, usually a carefree, courageous girl, had found herself vaguely afraid of him. Instead of one assistant, three of them had come, and they had spent nearly two hours thumping and pounding about in the lower part of the house. When at last they were gone Marian, with a sigh of relief, had tipped down to see to the arranging of the flowers for the table, and had found to her great annoyance that Etta, her maid, was nowhere about. A search revealed that the girl had taken to her bed with a bilious headache.

The fact of having to cook the dinner did not in the least dismay Marian, but the thought that she would have to be getting up and down all through the meal—those golden moments when she wanted to appear at her best for Sam—was unbearable. After much pleading she finally persuaded Etta to get in touch with a friend who could substitute for a waitress for the evening.

It had taken all the girl's housewifely skill to get the elaborate meal ready at the appointed time. She looked up from arranging the last salad on its green glass plate at a quarter to six—just time to dash up stairs and slip into the new blue taffeta dress—to see a weird figure standing in the door. The woman was short and stocky; entering she moved with a queer, rolling gait. However, Marian was too much taken up with her own problems at the moment to be much interested in these details.

"I take it you're Etta's friend," she said preoccupiedly. "Have you a uniform, or shall I furnish an apron for you?"

"That's just who I am," the creature spoke in an unnatural, high-keyed voice. "Isn't this all right?" and she took off her coat, displaying a black dress and a crisp white apron."

"Oh, that's splendid!" Marian flew to the door. "I'll be with you in a bit—just have to change. Oh—and would you mind getting down the dinner plates from the top of the china closet—our best ones—and I think you'd better wash them. There might be some dust we haven't used them for so long."

"I sure will do that." The substitute mail seemed most good-natured. "And in case Etta hasn't told you my name's Marian."

A few moments later when Marian, now radiant in her simple taffeta frock, came back into the kitchen, she found Marian deeply engrossed with the dinner plates and frothy hot suds. As the girl passed she noticed with a little start of surprise that the maid's arms were heavily tattooed. At the moment it seemed odd to her, but of no particular significance; probably was in love with a sailor, Marian thought vaguely; though when one looked

impartially at Marian it was hard to imagine love entering her life in any way—even from the high seas.

Then Martin Wayne had come back from the office and his daughter had run to meet him at the front door. After an argument and much cajoling, she had persuaded him to go to the extreme of changing and putting on a clean collar in honor of the occasion—old Martin Wayne had the average business man's healthy aversion to dressing for dinner.

She stood by the hall table. Her heart was pounding; it was nearly a quarter after six; Sam was late; he would surely come any moment now. Quick steps on the veranda; the doorbell; she must wait a moment; it would not do to just pop right out at him like that. She counted ten, swung the door open and stood there aglow with radiant youth and anticipation.

She was staring into the expressionless eyes of a perfect stranger. A nondescript man he was, with an expressman's cap on, holding in his arms a huge, brown-paper-wrapped package.

"Parcel for Mr. Bayes—" he began. Then he suddenly thrust the bulky thing into her arms and dashed down the steps, mumbling something about the brakes on his truck not holding.

The big box was very heavy, and as Marian backed into the hall with it she was aware that whatever it contained was loosely packed, for it thumped dully against the sides as she set the package down. She hid the big thing with the folds of a curtain; Sam must have sent it as a surprise—the shoe would be on the other foot when he looked for it and thought it had never arrived.

At that moment her father came down the stairs, gold watch in hand, observing, "This wonder man of yours doesn't seem to be much interested in keeping his appointments. There's nothing more hopeless, to my way of thinking, than a young whipper-snapper who doesn't take appointments seriously. Now when I was his age—"

Marian adroitly averted a sermon by leading her father into the diningroom and pacifying him with three hot biscuits.

It was half past seven when young Sam dashed up the front steps and leaned against the bell. His hair was dishevelled and he was out of breath. There was a momentous time of waiting. Finally the door was opened by Marian, who peered at him suspiciously.

"I—er—is Miss Wayne in?" he asked uncertainly.

Without a word, Marian led the way into the house. The unhappy Sam followed. The lights were low in the big living room, but he immediately discerned Marian's slim figure sitting in a great chair.

"My very dear!" he rushed impulsively toward her. "How can you ever forgive me—" He stopped short. The excitement had been too much. The dreaded paroxysm was upon him. He held his breath and prayed.

The girl was sitting up facing him, now, wiping away the telltale traces of

tears. Her lovely eyes were full of trust and affection.

"I knew it must be something very big and important. I told Dad that it must be one of your cases—"

"Well, young man, what have you got to say for yourself?" old Wayne appeared in the doorway. His voice was brisk, though not unkind; he carried a large coffee cup in one hand and a toothpick in the other. "Better come on in and eat, then you can tell us about what detained you afterwards."

Thankful for this reprieve, Sam followed his host. Marian fluttered about to wait upon him, and for the moment all seemed to be well. Old Wayne, having finished his dinner some time ago, was in an expansive mood. He seated himself opposite his young guest and began to tell stories. Sam thought it only good policy to show interest and amusement at the proper time in these yarns, and by listening diligently he could always be sure of the right place to laugh, because the old man had a trick of stopping and fixing him with a steely eye at the correct moment.

But just when all the storm clouds seemed to have rolled away and the sun ready to smile through, Sam felt with a kind of sick horror the dreaded paroxysm coming back upon him. He reached desperately for a glass of water. Oh—as his senses reeled—if he could get the water to his lips he might be able to last the thing out. He had just lifted the tumbler when Wayne nailed him with the look that meant it was time to laugh. Young Sam's face purpled with the terrible strain; his eyes roved wildly for some means of deliverance; his whole being was fused in a prayer that something—anything—would happen to distract attention from himself.

Then he saw it—floating in darkness just outside the french window—the face of the mysterious woman who had stopped him in the street with her strange appeal! crimson lips seemed to be framing some message. The veins on his forehead began to throb. Marian cried out,

"Why, Sam, what is it?"

But before anyone could utter a word there was a rending, soul-shaking crash that rocked the house as though it had been built of papier mache.

(The next chapter will be written by Rem Remsen.)

Eliot & Marian

NEW SPRING DRESSES

SPORTS DRESSES

AFTERNOON DRESSES

EVENING DRESSES

William Randolph Hearst

From The New Yorker
(Third Part)

I HAVE heard many persons ask: "Where does Hearst begin and Brisbane end?" The implication is sometimes that Brisbane really supplies Hearst's gray matter. Those who give credence to this theory forget that Hearst was a highly successful newspaper proprietor ten years before he hired Brisbane. Hearst has always been greater than the sum of his men. Brisbane may be the world's richest employee but he is under as rigid control as any other employee.

Hearst always has been willing to pay any price for the man he wants. Often, very often, he has invested expensively in what he thought was the kind of brains he wanted. Publicly he has never admitted a blunder, but privately he has handed the hat to many a fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year executive, generally taking the full loss without emitting a word of dismay. As a matter of fact he has always been sole autocrat. To this day unquestioning obedience is required of all who work for him.

I don't think the detailed story of the Hearst-Brisbane alliance has ever been told before. In the summer of 1896, Brisbane was placed, temporarily, in charge of Joseph Pulitzer's Evening World. The order came by cable. Mr. Pulitzer was cruising abroad. This famous publisher had swum through to much rough water to be seriously disturbed by the antics of a young upstart journalist who had come careening into New York from the West and had launched a morning and (but recently) an evening newspaper in open opposition to the Pulitzer papers. So he had departed, as usual, upon his summer cruise.

Hearst loved yachting also but he stuck with his ambitious projects during the summer of '96. His morning paper was growing beautifully and he concentrated his attention upon the newly established Evening Journal.

A stone's throw away, in a rival newspaper office, young Brisbane found himself at an unaccustomed desk. Now Brisbane was an ambitious young man. He could write newspaper stuff like a prairie fire. He knew news. He had been a European correspondent. He had read much. For years he had wanted to do a daily editorial column on a New York newspaper, a column to be set boldly on the first page. His idea was to write short paragraphic comments similar to his present "Today" column. Several times Brisbane had asked Mr. Pulitzer for permission to sign an editorial column either on the morning World or on the Evening World. But invariably the acidulous old genius replied: "No. You may do big features, news stories, assignments in any part of the globe. But no man, so long as I live, will express independent edito-

rial opinions in my newspapers."

Now, though, in the late summer of 1896, Joseph Pulitzer, health and sight failing, was cruising abroad. Brisbane at last was in entire charge of a newspaper, and he thought: "I know my idea is a good one. If I can do one or two of these columns and get away with them, Mr. Pulitzer may let me keep on." So he wrote one column, a second, a dozen. They were placed each day on page one, in column one, of the Evening World. Weeks went by. Brisbane was beginning to congratulate himself. Then came a furious cable from a European port:

"I have just seen your column. Stop it at once. I don't want the Evening World to have an editorial policy. If you want good editorials, rewrite those in the Morning World."

Brisbane, of course, obeyed orders. But he was disgruntled. A few days after the Pulitzer explosion had blown the Brisbane column off the front page of the Evening World, the disconsolate Brisbane wandered into the Cafe Martin. By chance, he there ran into Hearst. They chatted and Hearst said: "Mr. Brisbane, I wish you were with us. If you will come over, you may name your own salary. Suppose we talk it over tomorrow."

Brisbane agreed. Next day he met Hearst in the latter's bachelor suite in the Hoffman House. It is worthy of note that Hearst's four rooms were beautifully decorated. Brisbane said: "All right, Mr. Hearst. I'll come with you. But I don't want Mr. Pulitzer to think that I am leaving for more money." Hearst, in his usual indolent fashion, asked: "How much do you want?" "Just what I am earning now?" replied Brisbane. "Two hundred dollars a week. If, in addition, you want to add a small bonus, I have worked out a plan: give me one dollar a week for each thousand in circulation I put on the Evening Journal."

Hearst laughed. "That's only a flea bite," he said. Suppose I make it fifteen dollars a thousand?" "No," said Brisbane "I'll make enough at a dollar a thousand." So Hearst sat at his desk, pulled out a sheet of his pigeon-blue stationery, and, in the informal way in which he was accustomed to do business, wrote out a contract in the form of a note to Brisbane. The "contract" was of doubtful legality. There was no witness, no consideration. But that's how Arthur Brisbane, in November, 1896, went to work for Hearst.

Brisbane hit bull's-eye from the start. War excitement was beginning to be stirred up. The World and Evening World were playing down the possibility of war. Joseph Pulitzer had been an officer of cavalry in the Civil War, knew what war was, and hated it. This was Hearst's and Brisbane's opportunity. They beat the drums and shouted for Cuban independence and intervention. The Evening Journal jumped from two hun-

dred and seventy-five thousand to over one million in circulation and Brisbane's two hundred dollars a week went up to thirty thousand, forty thousand, fifty thousand dollars a year. The informal Hoffman House contract was based on a survey of circulation each six months. After a year or two Hearst and Brisbane got together and revised it. Then Brisbane was paid his famous fifty thousand dollars a year salary. Nobody knows what he earns now, but it is said that his salary is at least one hundred and four thousand dollars, plus other payments which probably bring his total to a quarter of a million a year.

Relations between Spain and Cuba became tense just after Brisbane became editor of the Evening Journal. Hearst sent special correspondents to Cuba; and, when these were expelled by the Spanish military authorities, sent others. It was in the early months of 1897 that he sent Frederic Remington, chafingly anxious to resign his commission as a special artist for the New York Journal in Cuba, a remarkable wire:

"Remington, Havana:

"Please remain. You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war."

W.R.Hearst.

Hearst's opportunity to plow the war soil came on a sultry August Day in the same year. He was languidly fingering a sheaf of wires and cables in the Journal office. A dispatch from Havana, buried in the mound, caught his eye:

"Evangelina Cisneros, pretty girl of seventeen years, related to President of Cuban Republic, is to be imprisoned for twenty years on African coast for having taken part in uprising of Cuban political prisoners on Isle of Pines."

Hearst whistled softly and pushed a bell. "Ask Mr. Chamberlain to come here a moment." Chamberlain, quick, energetic, perfectly groomed, popped in. "Sam!" cried Hearst—and it was one of the few occasions in his entire life when excitement crept into his voice—"we've got Spain! Look at this! Get every detail of this case from Havana. Let's draw up a petition to the Queen Regent of Spain for this child's pardon. Enlist the women of America. Have them sign the petition. Wake up our correspondents all over the country. Have distinguished women sign first. Cable the petition and the names to the Queen Mother. Notify our minister in Madrid. We can make a national issue of this case. It will do more to open the eyes of the country than a thousand editorials or political speeches. The Spanish minister can attack our correspondents but we'll see if he can face the women of America when they take up the fight. That girl must be saved if we have to take her out of prison by force or send a steamer to meet the vessel that carries her to Africa—but that would be

piracy, wouldn't it?"

Thus the adolescence of modern journalism.

Hearst's orders were carried out. Petitions poured in upon the Queen Regent and upon the Pope. Signatories included the mother of President McKinley, the widow of Jefferson Davis, and the adored Julia Ward Howe. While the fever was at its apogee, word came that the Journal's correspondent, Karl Decker, had broken into the girl's prison and rescued her—the most daring demonstration Hearst perhaps ever offered of his belief in a personal journalism. Disguised as a boy, Evangelina was smuggled aboard an outbound steamer and brought to New York.

The climax of the exploit (and perhaps of Hearst's spectacular career) was an open-air reception in Madison Square—another stroke of the Hearst genius—where a hundred thousand New Yorkers welcomed the girl who personified Cuba's struggle, and the dauntless Decker. Red fire, military bands, parades, a demonstration of which the press of the world had to take note—it needed but another spark which was to come to bring on the war.

The little shindig with Spain that followed the destruction of the Maine would have been pure opera bouffe except for its accompaniment of political and bully beef scandal. Although today he might not be so eager to claim the credit, the Spanish-American conflict was W. R. Hearst's war. He spent half a million dollars on cables and correspondents and spectacular stunts. He fed raw meat to his hirelings and roused even the dignified deliberate Richard Harding Davis to extraordinary efforts.

The publisher turned his yacht over to the government and chartered another to visit the scene of strife in person. On the field at El Caney, he knelt beside a wounded correspondent, took the latter's story and get out in time to score a beat that boosted circulation a hundred thousand in New York. His hired vessel hovered in the offing during the bombardment of Cervera's fleet. Hearst put off in a skiff, in the waning moments of the battle, and pursued the crew of a beached Spanish craft. He pulled off his pants brandished a Hugh revolver, chased the wet and befuddled Spaniards to shore, and took twenty-six frightened and dripping prisoners.

When it appeared that the main Spanish fleet might start from European waters to bear down upon Admiral Dewey at Manila, Hearst addressed a note to the late James Creelman, his London correspondent, one of the most remarkable communications ever written by a private citizen in time of war:

"Dear Mr. Creelman:

"I wish you would at once make preparations so that in case the Spanish fleet actually starts for Manila, we can buy some big English steamer at the eastern end of the Mediterranean and take her to some port of the Suez Canal where we can then

sink her and obstruct the passage of the Spanish warships. This must be done if the American monitors sent from San Francisco have not reached Dewey and he should be placed in a critical position by the approach of Camara's fleet. I understand that if a British vessel were taken into the Canal and sunk under circumstances outlined above, the British Government would not allow her to be blown up to clear a passage and it might take enough time to raise her to put Dewey in a safe position.

"Yours truly,
W. R. Hearst."

There is no question Creelman would have sought to carry out Hearst's orders. Hearst men regard such directions as ukases from on high.

Once, at luncheon in his New York home, Hearst paid unique tribute to Jim Creelman's enthusiasm.

"Suppose I summoned my best men and told them I had the biggest story on earth. Suppose I said to them: 'Gentlemen, the statue of Nathan Hale in City Hall Park has never been adequately described. I want each of you to write eight columns about it.' They'd all look at me in amazement"—the quite almost soundless Hearst chuckle—"all except one man. While the rest were raising objections and asking questions, Creelman would be reaching for his hat. And on the way down in the elevator, he would be thinking: 'By Jove, there is a great piece of descriptive writing in that statue.' "

Men close to Hearst pay unstinted tribute to his journalistic ability. They have seen him dictating clear, vivid prose; directing the powerful cartoons of Davenport Opperand Powers; closing transactions in the millions with a word; skimming a newspaper between thumb and fore-finger and recalling its every item, including (particularly including) the advertisements. His executives have a vast respect and a very appreciable terror of their chief. For it cannot be denied Hearst has decided Schadenfreude instinct. He takes Machiavellian delight in sitting on the side lines and watching a quarrel between executives. When he has had his fun and is convinced the scrap has gone far enough, he takes a hand. Generally, he "suggests" a vacation to one or the other disputant.

Banishment abroad or to one of his outlying papers is both his method of punishment and his nearest approach to admitting occasional flaws in his own judgement. A couple of years back he elevated an erratic reporter to the managing editorship of one of his principal properties. The reporter was temperamentally unfit for the job and quite unversed in the devious intricacies of the Hearst organization.

After a thorny year came a honeyed message from the Big Boss in California. Before he rushed home to pack his trunk suggesting that A-needed a trip abroad.

A-wired to San Simeon: "Leaving Saturday for Egypt. Is that far enough?"

Mr. Hearst no doubt tittered in his soft way when the message clicked in over the private wire, a wire that keeps him in close touch with all his offices. He will not brook failure and there is no appeal from his decision.

No fortified castle was ever more difficult to storm than is Mr. Hearst's conference chamber to the man upon whom doom has been pronounced. Such a one may join the line always to be found in the anteroom of the Riverside Drive apartment when Mr. Hearst is there. He may gain entrance to the sanctum that day or three days later. But the sum total of his triumph will probably consist of a sympathetic word from W. R.'s capable secretary, Joe Willecombe, or from George the butler. And, as the victim stumbles into the sunshine, he will retain a dazed impression of a large icy individual wearing lounge robe or coat, an individual who sat drumming upon the arms of his chair and regarded him with the impersonal interest of an entomologist examining a butterfly on a pin.

—JOHN K. WINKLER.

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Children Of Sunset School To Have Song And Dance Program

ON MONDAY, June 6, at 7:30 P. M. the children of Sunset School are giving a program of Song and Dance under the direction of Pauline Newman and Ruth Austin. The program will begin sharp on time, as it is not thought wise to keep the youngsters out too late. The musical program is as follows, and will give the audience an opportunity to see just what the children understand and appreciate in music, and also just what the average child can do. Tickets are on sale at The Palace Drug Co., and Stanford's.

Creation Hayden
Heavens are Declaring Beethoven

Group of Bach Boys' unchanged voices in unison.

Minuet, (from Toy Symphony)....Haydn
The Elfin Initiation (Magic Flute)..Mozart
The Nut Tree.....Mozart

NEW BOOKS AT THE FIRST EDITION BOOK SHOP

The following new books have been received at the First Edition Book Shop:

<i>Two stolen Idols</i>	Packard
<i>The Goose Feather Bed</i>	Thurston
<i>A Fiddle for Eighteen Pence</i>	Ryall
<i>The Pendulum</i>	Smith
<i>Wild Orchard</i>	Totheroth
<i>Young Men in Love</i>	Arlen
<i>Rogues and Vagabonds</i>	Mackenzie
<i>Crazy Pavements</i>	Nichols
<i>Three Lights from a match</i>	Nason
<i>The Woman Who Stole Everything</i>	Bennett
<i>Revolt in the Desert</i>	Lawrence
<i>What to Eat</i>	Monaghan
<i>Twilight Sleep</i>	Wharton

NOW I'M WORKING

ON THE RAILROAD

Louis W. Hill Jr., son of the chairman of the board of directors of the Great Northern Railroad, and grandson of the founder of the line, James J. Hill, has left San Francisco for the St. Paul headquarters of the road, where he will enter the operating department. Young Hill, who spent his week ends at the Hill place at Pebble Beach started last fall at the bottom of the ladder and is climbing steadily through the various departments of the great transportation system until he will sit in an office next to that of his father.

Miss Mae Harris Anson entertained at a beautifully appointed birthday luncheon at her home "Tres Pinos", on Monte Verde street. The table was attractively decorated and the luncheon served by "Sally's". Miss Anson's guests were: Mesdames John Jordan, D. W. W. Johnson, Toohey, Snow, Shrock of Oakland, and Dubernet and Johnson of New York.

Second and Third Grades

Group of Shubert.
Fifth and Sixth Grades

PART 2

May Bells and Flowers.....Mendelssohn
Composer and Street Band.....Brahms
Wanderers Night Song.....Rubinstein
The Dairy Maids.....Frank La Forge
Girls Mixed Voices

Song of Hope.....Hebrew Melody
Armourers Song (Robin Hood).....De Koven

Boys Mixed Voices

Springtime (A Song Cycle).....Aschford

1. *The Voice of the South Wind.*
2. *The Two Robins*
3. *Buttercups and Daisies.*
4. *The Biggoty Bumble Bee*
5. *Away to the Woods.*

WILL TALK ON LABOR MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND

This afternoon at 3 P. M., Mrs. Frank Conover, of Dayton Ohio, will speak at Unity Hall. Her lecture subject will be "My Observations on the Labor Movement in England". After this Mrs. Con-

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

over will lead the discussion of the sex novel, with special reference to Theodore Dreiser's "American Tragedy" and "The Exquisite Perdita", by E. Barrington.

MARRIAGE OF HILDRETH TAYLOR TO RICHARD MASTEN IS TOLD

Dr. and Mrs. Jubal George Taylor of Pasadena have announced the marriage of their youngest daughter Hildreth to Mr. Richard Leopold Masten, on Wednesday, May 18. Dr. and Mrs. Taylor and their daughter returned some time ago from a trip around the world. Mrs. Masten is well known in Carmel, where she has spent her holidays, and has helped in many theatrical productions.

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